

Gorgeously Dressed Babies.

UP to the age of six, a Chinese baby is the most gorgeously dressed creature extant. Its garments are of silk of the brightest colors and richly embroidered. Part of the embroidery is always symbolical.



Magazine Page



This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the beheading, in 1683, of Algernon Sidney, an English patriot; he was condemned by the merciless Jeffreys on evidence that was nothing but mockery. He is regarded as a martyr.

JUST AROUND THE CORNER

An Engrossing Film Drama, Based on One of FANNIE HURST'S Unique Stories of New York's East Side.

The Progress of the Story Up to Date.

Essie Birdsong, a lovely flower of the East Side, is compelled to spend her days in the slum sweatshop to help her mother, Jimmie, support their ailing father. She is able to keep her blooming health in spite of the conditions in which she spends her life because of the excellent food her mother cooks for the family and the abundance of fresh air she gets going to and from her work. These conditions are as bad spiritually as they are physically, and Jimmie feels the necessity of keeping watch for his sister's good. And the mother watches for her return home anxiously every day. Every turn around the corner upon Essie and one day stops her as she leaves the shop. He makes advances to the girl, and she fights him off until Jimmie opportunely arrives. Essie seeks another job and becomes acquainted with Lulu Pope, an usher at a theater, who contrives to dress astonishingly well on her \$5 a week.

Now Read Today's Installment.

"Just Around the Corner" made into motion pictures, scenario and direction by Frances Marion, is a Cosmopolitan production, released as a Paramount picture.

Screen Version Novelized.

By JANE McLEAN.

"SURE, they will, but you got to have a little more color in your face. Looka here, I'll put some of mine on, and then you can buy some of your own when we go out. And she proceeded to resurrect from a handbag a powder puff, and with a somewhat messy puff to sprinkle the hitherto untouched cheeks of Essie Birdsong with white color.

"Say, you're changed already—

take this mirror—I always carry one with me, and have a slant at the real thing now I miss my guess."

And Essie took the small round glass and surveyed herself, while Lulu, with a lipstick rouge, red-dened the lips that needed nothing to add to their beauty.

"Come on out now," cried the triumphant Lulu, "and let your mother see you, I guess she'll be surprised, all right, all right."

If the measure of little Ma's amazement was the measure of Lulu's gratification, she should have been the proudest creator of effects in New York, but Mrs. Birdsong's surprise took such an extraordinary form that the artist was nonplussed.

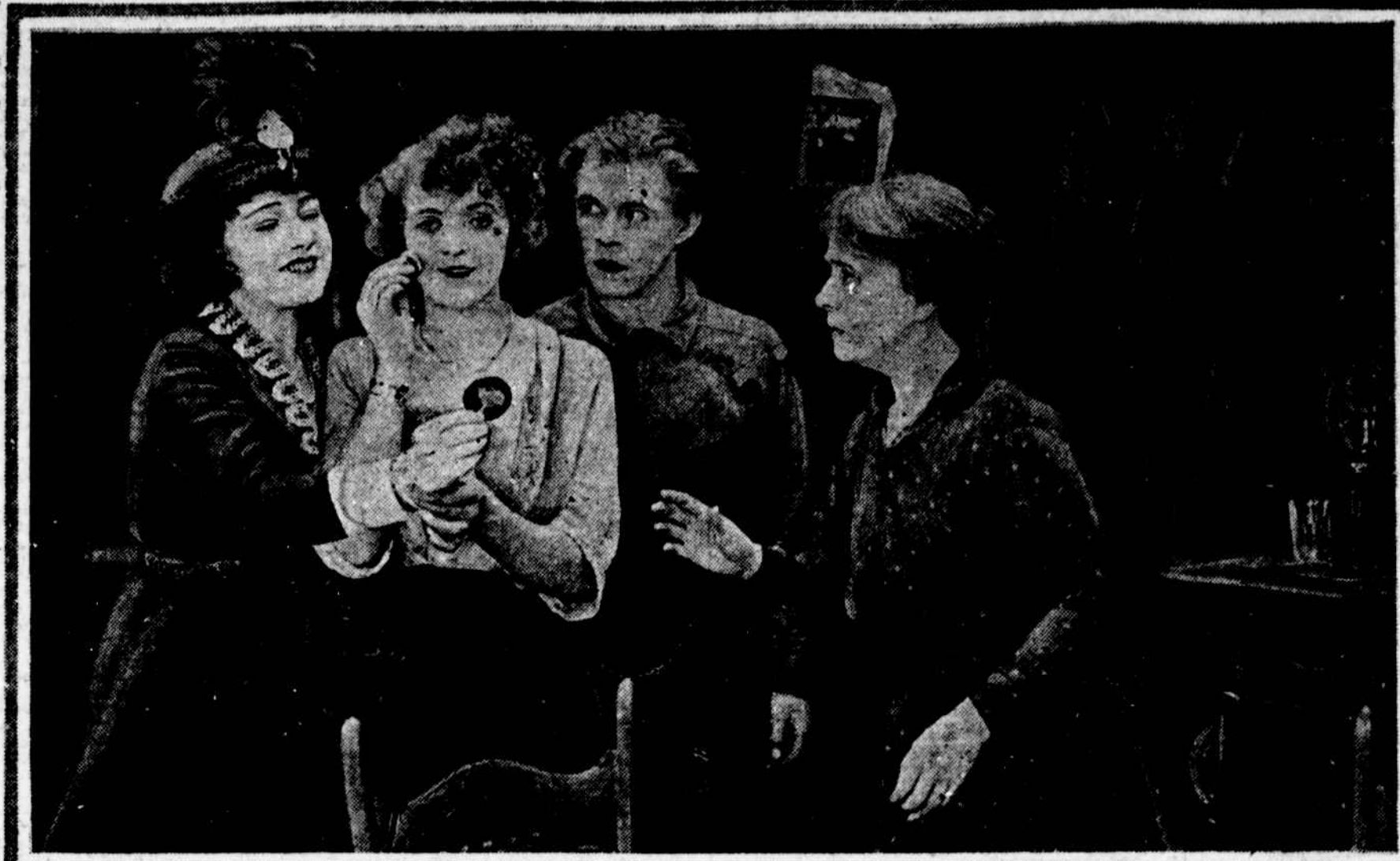
The little lady merely stood shaking her head in a sad sort of way, wondering if this were her sweet young daughter who stood before her, made in a few moments to resemble the thousands who swarmed to the stores and the factories past her window every day.

Oh, my dear," murmured Essie's mother, "it doesn't seem a bit like you."

And Essie Thinks She Knows.

"It's because you don't know, Ma. I'm chick now, Lulu says so. You've got to be chick to get a job, especially in a theater."

"Hully gee," said Jimmie, "what you got on your face? Look at it, Ma; she looks like a red Indian and say, lamp her lips. For the love of Maud, Essie, wipe it off."



Essie Birdsong takes her first lessons in an art that her mother looks upon with horror.

"You shut up, Jimmie, you're too fresh."

"He's right, Essie, it's not so much the paint, but it's what the paint may lead to—"

This was too much for Lulu; her

efforts had been flouted. She turned toward the door in high disgust as Mrs. Birdsong, recalling the days when her dying husband had left the children in her care, burst into tears.

"Look what you've went and done," cried Jimmie, dashing up to his sister and thrusting a fist under her nose.

"I didn't do it," sobbed Essie. "Yes you did, who else does it?"

"She did it herself."

"Yes, yes, children, I'm sorry I did it myself—there, there, we must not be cross. I suppose it's all right, only I'll always think you look better just your own sweet self."

OUR FUTURE FOOD

AN INTERESTING SCIENTIFIC SPECULATION.

By GARRETT P. SERVISS.

Eminent Astronomer and Authority on Subatomic Scientific Interest.

AS the centuries roll on and the population of our planet continues to grow, chemistry will become the mainstay of the world's life. When that condition is fully reached the pictures drawn by imaginative thinkers like H. G. Wells may become realities, and man will once more have proved his superiority to all other animals—this time by constructing his own food out of original combinations of elementary substances. These new forms of nourishment, as every speculative writer has agreed in predicting, will embody the principal achievement of all practical science, namely, intensified utilization of material and prevention of waste.

It seems altogether probable that, sometime, a bit of condensed, scientifically combined substance, no larger than a six-grain pill of quinine, may serve to drive the human engine as long and as efficiently as a full meal of the most nutritious food that natural processes furnish can now drive it.

And, indeed, may not the new chemical food be even more efficient and more lasting in its effects? Nature herself seems to hint that such a thing is possible when she furnishes rare vegetable substances that possess an exceptional, and sometimes, it would appear, really marvelous and almost incredible ability to destroy, or prevent, fatigue while at the same time strengthening the muscles, steadying the nerves and brightening the faculties.

This leads to the thought of another possibility which would be the greatest wonder of all. Why should not a scientifically constructed form of nourishment, in which the useful elements were concentrated and from which the wasteful and noxious

elements were eliminated, be the most powerful of all agents for the improvement of both physical and mental of the human species? That the effects of ordinary food can be directed toward certain predetermined ends, through proper choice of quality and quantity, is well known, but surely such choice and direction would be greatly promoted if the food employed was a synthesized product of scientific experimentation.

However, even if dreams like this be destined to come true, the fulfillment cannot, as far as present indications show, be reached for a long time yet. Humanity as a whole can afford to wait, because centuries are but as days to it, but the living generation, while looking forward to the better things of the future and doing all it can to hasten their coming, must chiefly concern itself with things as they now are.

Just now the chief concern is to maintain and increase the productivity of the forms of food that nature supplies. Whenever a great famine occurs in some part of the world, causing the death of hundreds of thousands of human beings through actual starvation, we have a terrible object lesson on this subject.

It may be that if the means of transportation were swifter, more abundant, and less hampered by all kinds of obstacles, physical, political, and moral, the food production of the world as a whole would suffice to prevent actual famine in many parts of it. But, as things stand, this is not so, and the only safety lies in the promotion of improved agricultural methods in every thickly populated country, and not only must methods of cultivation of the soil be improved, and the soil itself be refertilized and enriched, but the agricultural population must be maintained at a numerical optimum.

Bobbie and His Pa

By William F. Kirk.

PA made a bet with a otherman. A Pa lost the bet. The bet was a new hat argest a dinner, so Pa had to buy the dinner for the man.

It serves you rite, sed Ma, making them foolish wages, sed Ma.

You mean wages, sed Pa.

It takes a good part of your wages, anyhow, sed Ma.

Never-the-less, sed Pa, wen I lose I pay. I am going to give a reel dinner, sed Pa, one which will live long in the memory of old Jack Gleeson, sed Pa.

I think men are so silly, making bets of hats & dinners & munny. There is sumthing verry like a little child about the average man, sed Ma.

The average man has to make his munny go moar ways than a little child does, sed Pa.

His munny wud last longer if he didnt make fool bets, sed Ma. I deeply deplore the fact that I toald you about this dinner wager, sed Pa. You will be throwing it up to me years from now, sed Pa. Gents is awful fish to tell there wifes everything, sed Pa.

I wud have found it out if you hadnt toald me, sed Ma. You must not think you can keep things from me. But go ahead & pay yure bet, sed Ma, have yure swell banquet, sed Ma, & little Bobbie & I will stay at hoam & eet a cold supper, sed Ma.

You dont have to eet a cold supper, sed Pa. Order anything you want. You know me, sed Pa.

I suppose yure friend Jack Gleeson dont know that I need a new hat & a new gown, etc., sed Ma. I bet if he knew it he wuddent enjoin the dinner wch you are going to buy for him, sed Ma.

You are fixing it so I won't enjoy it myself, sed Pa. I will choke on the chicking a la Maryland & strangel on the desert, sed Pa.

Never fear, never fear, sed Ma. But Pa just shut his teeth tite & put on his overcoat & started out. Pa always shuts his teeth tite wen he wants to have his own way. That is what I am going to do wen I grow up. I will be yike a Lyon it bay. But I aint going to make foolish bets & lose them like Pa. I am going to be a wise Gazabo wen I grow up.



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THE WINE OF LIFE

STORY OF AN AMBITIOUS YOUNG SCULPTOR.

By ARTHUR STRINGER.

Well-Known Novelist and Author of Countrywide Reputation.

STORROW knew little about precious stones, cared little, with his defective color-sense, for their beauty, had thought little about their value. But it struck him, as he stared down at that array of rings and clasps and trinkets, as an unexpectedly impressive collection of ornaments.

What even more forcibly struck him, however, was the seeming carelessness with which they had been tossed together, with a dust-laden face powder, on the unburnished metal, with dirt between the little platinum claws that bit at the edges of the brilliants, with a loose garnet that had obviously broken away from its setting. And this revealing air of contempt was accentuated by Torrie's indifferent posture as she scrambled them about in the little valley of drapery between her knees. Storrow picked up a marquise ring, made up of a white diamond surrounded by rubies.

"Wouldn't you call that rather valuable?" he inquired as he dusted its face. Torrie, with an indifferent eye, glanced up at it for a moment. "Call it rather cheap and showy," she retorted as she made an effort to shove the loose garnet back into its bruised setting.

"Where did it come from?" asked Storrow, trying to make the question a casual one.

Torrie laughed at the solemnity on his face.

"That, Honey Bun, came from one of your unsuccessful rivals, she proclaimed as she began tossing the jewelry back into its chaotic container. But his brow remained clouded, for in his world he remembered women neither accepted nor kept jewels in this light and airy fashion.

He was about to tell her so when he was interrupted by a caller at his door, a solemn-eyed and thread-bare girl who dispiritedly inquired if he used models.

When Storrow turned back into the studio Torrie had replaced the trunk-trays and slammed down and snapped shut the top-lid, with a vindictive slapping together of the finger-tips, to brush from them the dust with which Time powders the unused. And it struck Storrow, as he went back to his work that little could now be gained by reopening the issue.

He plunged into that work with a new impatience in his blood, oppressed by a vague ache of past incompetencies, determined to

stand no longer between Torrie and her rehabilitation. This attitude of self-accusation had a tendency to leave him more than ever submissive before Torrie's disturbingly ramifying preparations for that surprise party which betrayed scant promise of possessing the slightest element of the unexpected.

Two days before that event, by working night and day, he succeeded in completing the manuscript which to his own eyes had become as stale and colorless as a circus bill on a December barnyard. The casual and unemotional manner in which it was carried off by Chester Hardy the next day tended to accentuate this impression of its worthlessness.

Storrow, alone in the studio, weighed down in spirit, depressed by the insidious and distorting toxins of mental fatigue, stared at the new cut-glass decanters with which Torrie had decorated his battered burl table. He remembered, as he studied the rich amber frustum made by the light striking across the contents of one of these decanters, that there, close at hand, lay a key of release from the desolating stagnation that possessed him.

He reached for a glass, filled it half full, and hissed into it a spurt or two from one of the seltzer siphons.

When Torrie returned to the studio that night she stopped short with her parcels, startled by the figure that he presented.

"Gee!" she called out sharply. His answer was as care-free as it was inarticulate. Slowly the look of anxiety ebbed out of her eyes. She could even afford to laugh a little as she threw aside her hat and gloves.

"I don't think you can ever afford to preach to me, after this," she said to him as she buttoned up the jacket of his pajamas. "I was never in that condition in my life."

He slept heavily and late the next morning. Torrie, in fact, was up and dressed and had the studio put to rights before he so much as stirred. Nor did he stir, an hour later, when a knock sounded on the door.

Torrie, answering that knock, confronted Chester Hardy, asking for her husband.

"He's in," she acknowledged after a moment of hesitation, "but I'm afraid you can't see him."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

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THE RHYMING OPTIMIST

By Aline Michaelis

An Awful Strain.

AS December days are flying there are changes far and near, home seems sort of still and trying. Kids are acting mighty queer. It is not at my place that I note a state of gloom, other homes are also lonely, also silent as the tomb. There is little Johnny Smithers, once we called him "very wild," things he did gave folks the shivers; but he's now an angel child. Tommy Thompson was another on the black list out our way; now he minds his baby brother and helps another all the day. Once the very cats knew Thomas, and they fled when he drew near, for his coming seemed to promise things the bravest cat might fear. Tom is now a different being and the wise old Tabbies purr; but it is a sad sight seeing

Tommy sigh and stroke their fur. Jimmy Jones was once the terror of all mothers on our street, now he never makes a row, he is calm, polite and sweet. As December days go flying, things are quiet and serene, and I cannot keep from trying to find out what this can mean. Why is all this stillness, all this interest in books? Does it augur fatal illness? Is Jim frailer than he looks? It is well the days are fleeing, well that Christmas 'soon will come, for no one can keep from seeing children all are on the bum. Little Bill acts very queerly; strangely, to, acts Sister Kate. I have noted this time yearly they grow solemn and sedate. Maybe it is well this season won't be with us soon again; Yuletide's splendid, but I reason tots are on an awful strain.

The Key to Success

By Beatrice Fairfax.

Who occupies a unique position in the world as an authority on the problems of love.

"I BELIEVE with all my heart and soul in the man I love," writes Florence. "He has brains, ability, foresight, patience and the personal magnetism that wins him friendship wherever he goes. He is loyal, honest and, though very idealistic in some ways, he has no sentimentality. He doesn't mind work, and as he has a good education and youthful training, he ought to make good. Yet he seems to be caught in this era of depression. He's working at a job far beneath him, and he doesn't see how he's ever going to get out and make good. He says there's something lacking in his make-up, and that he's nothing but a dud. I say he has everything. What do you say?"

I say, my dear, that unless the man has either a burning desire to make good, or a sturdy belief in himself, he is foredoomed to failure in spite of all the long list of qualifications you send me. Often we mistake the successful man or woman, deifying their conceit or their self-confidence. But what could impel man or woman to attempt the difficult and almost unattainable were it not confidence in their ability to conquer danger and surmount obstacles?

Can you imagine Christopher Columbus starting on his voyage of discovery across unknown and uncharted seas with an apologetic attitude something like this: "Of course, I'm a poor dud and I don't amount to much and I have no reason to feel confident that I can put this thing through. But even so, the fellows who're sailing with me don't count for much, so they might as well risk their lives so I can test out my theory. I believe in my theory, mind you—but who is Christopher Columbus that I should think so well of him?"

Aburd, isn't it? Only a high belief in himself and his power to put through the thing for which he was starting, has ever impelled a voyager on unknown seas or after strange lands. And every man who forges to success in business is, in a sense, a discoverer, too.

The man who succeeds in business discovers latent qualities in himself or in some situation. He charts what other men have been doing all along, but he's likely to do it better. He may merely introduce a new method or a new viewpoint—but he adds something unto what already is. And he adds it in full confidence of himself and his ideas.

Failing the surging confidence which makes it possible for a man to set off bravely down the dangerous Amazon or into the world of action—he can succeed only in terms of one other quality. He must long to achieve.

Ambition is the purposeful desire to accomplish some given thing or a vast number of things. Fired by ambition, a timid soul may use his equipment of mentality and fighting strength so that something is accomplished by it. But unless a man has either ambition or a supreme confidence in himself it will profit him little to be a wonderful worker.

A man cannot fight well unless he believes either in himself or his cause. He cannot achieve much unless he is impelled by a strong desire to forge ahead.

Read the Serial Here and Watch for the Motion Picture Soon To Be Shown at Leading Theaters.

"Of all the ingratitude," said the indignant Miss Pope, "after me doing all of that to make you look chick! I'm through, I am."

She flouted out of the door, leaving the stupefied Essie staring after her. Friendship and a job were disappearing together. Essie broke all the speed laws descending the dark stairs and caught the offended genius near the street door.

"Oh, Lulu, I'm sorry. You got to forgive me. You see, Ma is old an' she ain't well and she don't know the way you do when a girl's chick an' when she ain't."

"Oh, well," Lulu agreed, "I suppose it ain't her fault. She come from the hicks, didn't she?"

"An' you'll take me to the theater?" pleaded Essie.

"Sure I will, kid. I'll call for you tomorrow. And say, I've got a fine steady for you—"

"You have, for me?" asked the flattered Essie.

"Sure—look at here—here's his picture. Ain't he a swell?" And she fished forth from the same capacious handbag a photograph of a flashy young man with a weak chin and watery eye, dressed in the latest style, wearing a derby

at a jaunty angle and carrying a cane.

"My! Ain't he wonderful, gasped Essie.

"I'll say he is—Joe Ullman's his name—ticket speculator. Makes lots of money, Joe does, and say, how he does spend it—oh, you're sure to fall for him and he'll like you."

"Do you think he will?" asked Essie. "Do you think I'm chick enough to suit him?"

"I'll be around tomorrow about this time, Essie," Lulu answered ignoring the question; "so long—no hard feelings."

Essie with a kindling eye climbed the stairs, while the photograph of the swell Joe Ullman shone in her mental vision. But she did not say anything about him or his profession when she re-entered the little flat.

Little Ma was sitting at the table and Jimmie was holding a big brown bottle, from which he had poured a spoonful of liquid.

"You take this, Ma—you know the doctor told you to whenever you felt bad."

"I know it, Jimmie, but it tastes so."

"Don't make no difference, Ma; you gotta do it."

"Don't you feel so well, Ma?" asked the frightened Essie.

Mrs. Birdsong shook her head.

"I guess it's the excitement of getting a job, Essie. I oughtn't to get worked up, the doctor said, but I keep forgettin'."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

SOME DAINTY AND INDIVIDUAL THINGS.

By Rita Stuyvesant.

NOW is the time to make your Christmas gifts to avoid rushing at the last moment. And what dainty and individual things one can make if she is at all handy with a needle.

What could be nicer than a dainty breakfast jacket? To make it take a square of georgette in flesh, or other desirable shade, and have it picoté. Over this at the center cut an oval which also must be picoté. Over this foundation use a slip of allover lace in the same shade, also picoté at the edges. Sew the two ovals together and finish with a slant tasseled cord; the jacket slips on over the head.

Nothing could be more welcome than a warm silk quilted breakfast coat for Christmas morning. Whether one makes this or purchases it, crepe de chine softly quilted and interlined and lined with white China silk, is the favored material. Choose a Tuxedo coat of ankle length for the model. A slim girdle of the material or a silk tasseled cord may be used, and two big patch pockets at the front are an added comfort. This smart-break-

fast coat may be had in rose, turquoise, peach, pale blue and flesh with cream or white lining.

Boudoir garters are simple to make and are welcome by the bride or girl with a "Hope Chest." Choose white silk elastic from a half to three-quarters of an inch wide and carefully cover it with shirred ribbon in any light desirable shade. Cut the length in two and close. On the lower edge, sew a frill of fine lace to fall low over the knees. Rosettes of looped ribbon or a few French flowers may be used to trim these dainty garters. If you put them in a fancy box with perfume they will make a charming gift and inexpensive.

A georgette or silk crepe nightgown makes an acceptable Christmas present. It can be made reasonably at home if one has a little time. One of gold colored georgette requires three yards to make. It is softly pleated into a bandeau of filet and suspended from filet straps at the shoulders. It is run through with satin ribbon, showing gold on one side and orchid on the other. Bows of the ribbon are also used with long streamers, lending a charming effect.



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